

# Woodville Republican.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR, IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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### POETRY.



#### SONG: THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

BY "THE PEASANT BARD."

I.  
On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook  
That so long and so often has watered his flock,  
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,  
While the waters a low, lapping lullaby keep.  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
II.  
The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,  
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plough;  
And the robins above him hop light on the mould,  
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold:  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
III.  
Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,  
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,  
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say  
It would live when its planter had mouldered away:  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
IV.  
There's the well that he dug, with its water so cold,  
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,  
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,  
For "the pitcher is broken"—the old man is gone!  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
V.  
And the seat where he sat by his own cottage door,  
In the still Summer eves, when his labors were o'er,  
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,  
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land:  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
VI.  
'Twas a gloom giving day when the old farmer died;  
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried;  
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,  
For they all lost a Brother, a Man, and a Friend:  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.  
VII.  
For upright and honest the old farmer was;  
His God he revered, he respected the laws;  
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth  
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth.  
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;  
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

A NEW PAPER.—The New York Tribune says it has "Cyf 1, Rhyf 1," of "Y Detholdd," a Welsh newspaper just started at Remsen in that State. There is a profound article on "Hen ddyddiau a hen bob," and a dialogue entitled "Cyf-Ymddyddan." The Tribune trusts the editors will conduct this paper in the spirit of their motto: "Proch pob peth; delwch yr hyn sydd dda." We hope so too.—*Natchez Courier.*

## PORTIONS OF THE SPEECH OF HON. BEVERLY TUCKER, OF VA.

Mr. President, I have said enough to satisfy thinking men that those frightful consequences of disunion, at the thought of which the heart trembles and the cheek turns pale, will not follow disunion, should the North be mad enough to drive us to that extremity. If I have succeeded in this I have accomplished all I wished. I have not spoken with a view to make men desire disunion. I have aimed at no more than to keep them from being frightened out of their senses at the bear thought of it. I wish only to bring them to hear reason, and having done this, I expect them to see at a glance that the true way to preserve the Union is to let the people of the North see that we all understand our true position, and all see the matter in this light. Let them see that even those among us (if there be any such) who would surrender every right, sooner than expose themselves to the horrors of war, are sensible that there is no danger of war, and no reason why they should submit to insult, outrage and wrong lest a worse thing befall them. Let the North understand, sir, that such are the views and temper of the South, and the spirit of encroachment will stand rebuked, and the statesmen of the North will at once, and with anxious earnestness, acknowledge our rights, and in good faith address themselves to those who speak for us, not to cajole and bribe them to betray us, but to ascertain what will actually and permanently satisfy us. By such means the Union may be preserved, and if such a course is adopted, the Union is safe. This course of proceeding must begin with us. It must begin here, and now. That is our business here, sir. To save the Union, and to save it by showing the people of the North that by persevering in their wanton, unjust and mad career they will destroy it. If it perishes the act will be theirs—not ours. \*

I would speak of the magnificent future, and glorious destiny of a Southern Confederacy. I would speak of the various and boundless resources of a country embracing the noble Chesapeake and its waters, extending thence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Bravo, comprehending an assortment of all things needful for agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. I would point to the region of Iron, Coal and water power stretching from this spot to the eastern foot of the Alleghenies, sloping down in the east to the tide waters of the Atlantic, in the West to the rich plains that border the Mississippi, while James River, Potomac and Ohio, stretch forth their arms to encircle the whole in their embrace, and bind together the three great interests of civilization with a cord twisted by the hand of Nature; in a Union like that of the sexes; a Union of congenial, not conflicting interest. No Mesentian marriage of the living with the dead; no compact between power and weakness, simplicity and craft, generosity and selfishness! No compromise! in which as in bargains with the Devil, one party signs his name in his own blood, while all the waters of Lethe will not wash out, while the other uses a chemical compound of the newest Yankee invention, which disappears as soon as it is dry.

I beg pardon, sir, for these speculations. This is a subject on which it is so much the custom for those to talk most who think least, that a man who has made it the study of his whole life is under some necessity of apologizing for the expression of his thoughts. But all this is mere speculation, and nothing but insane folly on the part of Northern men, can make it more than speculation.—It rests with them at any moment to quiet all this agitation and restore tranquility, at least, though not harmony. Abused confidence and insulted friendship can never be restored. But equality between the States can be restored, and the rights of all parties being equally respected, and the interests of parties equally cared for, a regard for these interests, the recollections of the past, and the indisposition of mankind to the sundering of old ties, and breaking up the established order of things, may even now preserve the Union. But depend upon it, that this is not to be effected by any of those cheating promises which "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope." We have had enough of these things, and the "false juggling fiend" who has so often arrayed himself in the garb of an angel of light to palm them on us, can deceive us no more. We now know him in his disguise, and will have no more of his compromises, "Othello's occupation's gone." He may tamper with our Representatives in Congress, and with the letter writing loafers who hang about the Treasury to negotiate Galphin claims and fraudulent contracts, but their day is gone as well as his.

Is not Mr. Clay "the great pacificator?" Did he not give peace to the country in 1830, and 1833, and is he not the sole inventor and manufacturer of the famous patent fresh salt to be sprinkled on the tails of Southern Gulls and Boobies? Was it not enough for Webster and Cass to be admitted to the honor of co-operating with him? And as to Mr. Foote, it ought to satisfy his ambition to be allowed the title of the little Pacificator. So be it, sir, worthily has he won it, and long may he wear it. I am afraid indeed it may cost him dear. Asop tells us of an eagle, that stooping from his lofty cliffs pounced on a lamb, and bore it away; at the sight of which the ambition of a crow was so roused that he tried to do the like, and lighting on the back of an old ram, tangled his feet in the wool, and got his neck twisted by the Shepherd. So we have all seen how the strong talons and sweeping wing of Mr. Clay, bore away old

Republican Kentucky into the high latitudes of Federalism; but it requires no great foresight to decide how Mr. Foote will fare in his attempt upon the tough old Ram of Mississippi. He may not care much about that, sir, for it is probably settled that, in the next Presidential ass race (horse race no longer, sir,) he is to ride behind Mr. Clay as candidate for the Vice Presidency.—What light Southern man is to ride *en croupe* behind Mr. Webster; what Northern man with Southern principles, or what Southern man with Northern principles, behind Gen. Cass, I do not care to inquire.—One thing I do know, sir. Only one of the three can be President, but let who will be elected, all the five understrappers of that committee will be provided for. What then does Mr. Foote care for Mississippi? About as much as she will henceforth care for him.

But all that I have said, all the vast interests involved in this controversy are to be disregarded, and stern realities are to be dissipated into thin air, by the potent spell of the magic word "Union." Sir, there is no Southern man whose heart has not felt the power of that spell. In the South attachment to the Union is matter of sentiment. In the North it is an affair of calculation. The conjurer, who uses the word to blind the minds and palsies the limbs of others, feels nothing of its power over himself. Had Union been to the North what it has been to us, the North would have dissolved it fifty years ago. What has it been to us? Sir, it is the old story of the Giant and the Dwarf—a partnership in which one gets all the profit, the other nothing but dry blows. Who stormed the walls of Monterey? Who scaled the heights of Churubusco? Whose blood enriches the field of Buena Vista? South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, and Texas, are here to answer—"Ours," and the prize won by such sacrifice; for whom is that? For those who "kissed my Lady Peace at home," and blessed themselves that they were not man slayers and cut throats. Judas sold his master's blood, but could not keep the wages of his crime. These men will shed no blood; not they. But the price of blood—they cannot find in their hearts to refuse that. When we complain of this, they say, "are we not brethren? Let there be no strife among us." Why do they not go on with the words of Abraham? "Go you to the right, and we will go the left, or go you to the left, and we will go the right?" Why? Because of the Bible, as of the Constitution, they read just as much as suits them, no more. Do we still remonstrate? They become stern. "Are we not stronger than you? Have we not our foot upon your neck. Attempt to withdraw it, and we will trample you into the earth." In three victorious fights the Giant gained for himself a castellated palace, broad, fertile lands, and a beautiful wife; the Dwarf lost an eye, an arm, and a leg. "Come my little hero," says the Giant, let us repose on our laurels; you can sit and turn the spit at our kitchen fire, you will find a warm bed in the ashes, and you shall have a sop out of the dripping pan. "That is hardly a fair division," says the Dwarf. "It is the best you can get," says the Giant coolly. "You'd better take it." "No," says the Dwarf. "I will rather drag my mangled carcass elsewhere, and sooner depend upon the charity of strangers than on your justice." "Turn the spit, you maimed urchin," is the reply; "if you give yourself any airs I will throw you behind the fire." The story is not exactly in point, sir. In our case it is the Giant that has been maimed and crippled, and the Dwarf, taking advantage of his helpless condition, has cheated him of the purchase of his prowess and his blood.

No people ever existed more ready to sacrifice to friendship or generosity than Virginia. It is the character of individuals and of the State. She will divide her bread with the hungry; she will give her garment to comfort the naked. "She will strip herself to the shirt; but when you claim that too, the instinct of self-respectful modesty is called up, and supplies the place of a more sordid feeling. She says no, to that, sir. It has been said of her "that there is no more than the thickness of a bit of linen between her and a downright fool." This may be true, sir, but we to him, with profane hand, who ventures to touch that last safeguard of her stainless honor.

But who are we, a mere handful of depreities who presume to speak for Virginia? Sir, we do not speak for her. She has sent us here to confer with you, and to speak to her and to the world. We speak not for her; but we speak of her as she is, with filial reverence and admiring love. We are indeed but few—but what of that?

"If we are marked to die, we are enough To do our country loss, but if to live, The fewer men the greater share of honor." As for me, sir, I speak only for myself, and shrink from no responsibility. Were it tenfold more it would be only the more welcome. I wish none to divide it with me.

"I would not to lose so great an honor As one man more methinks would share from me, For the best hope I have."

I have no fear, sir, that Virginia will claim me. I know the dull ass will back upon the spur, and throw, and kick his rider. I know the dog, that has no stomach for the fight, will bite the hand that tarrs him on. But Virginia is no dull ass. Virginia is no coward cur; and, however reluctant to strike for sordid interests, she will never desert those who pledge her honor for the defence of honor. I thank God that he has spared me to this day. Equality or independence is the watchword of Virginia. One of these she will have, and if I can be at all

instrumental to such an achievement, I shall not have lived in vain.

But if the heart of Virginia is dead within her; if that spirit, which has been to me the breath of life, is dead; if that fountain of just principles and elevated sentiments, from which, as from the milk of childhood, my heart and mind have drawn their nutriment, is dried up—there is nothing left for me, sir, but to lay my head on the cold bosom of my venerated and lamented mother, and to die there.

### AN ARMY OF MONKEYS.

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?" "Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see." The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and followed like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja*, or ring-tailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon the projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton wood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scattered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung his head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly around the neck and fore arm of the latter, dropped off in turn and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent and oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued, until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain.

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But when the point *d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soiled into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another grided him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. Those last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all were ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparral and disappeared.—*Captain Reid's Adventures in South America.*

SLAVE COLONY IN CALIFORNIA.—The Jackson Mississippi, of the 9th inst., has the following paragraph:

The skeleton of a plan for planting a slave colony in California, south of 39° 30', has been submitted to us by several public spirited gentlemen who are ready to embark in the well conceived enterprise. That the plan is eminently worthy of public attention, we entertain not a doubt. It is not the creation of hair-brained visionaries but a suggestion which addresses itself to every Southern statesman and philanthropist. It will claim the early consideration of every slave owner, and the patronage of Southern legislators.

In China, physicians are always under pay, except when their patrons are sick, then their salaries are stopped until health is restored. Wonder how such a plan would do in this country? Suppose we try it?

### THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

The committee appointed by Mr. V. B. Palmer, to decide the award of a Silver Cup to the writer of the best essay upon the subject of Advertising, have, we see by the last number of the *Register*, made their report. The committee consist of Messrs George R. Graham, of *Graham's Magazine*; William M. Swain, of the "*Public Ledger*," and George H. Hart, President of the "Philadelphia and Wilkesbarre Telegraph Company," and the prize has been awarded to Horace Greeley, Esq., of the New York *Tribune*. The cup will cost \$100, and will be covered with elegant designs relating to commerce and trade.

We make the following extract from the Prize Essay:

The merchant, therefore, who aims to succeed in business must aim at these two points—first, to be sure that he can satisfy a wide demand for the articles he deals in, on the lowest practicable terms; secondly, that every body within the proper scope of his business is made aware of his ability and confidence of his disposition to do so. These points attained, he has only to do his business properly, as it comes in upon him, and his fortune is made.

Sure to the merchant or dealer who is sure of his ability to fill orders on the most favorable terms, the attainment of an adequate publicity is the matter of primary concern. If his circle of trade is properly the county in which he lives, then he should take effectual measures to let every family in that county know what he sells, and on what conditions. It is idle to speak of the cost as an impediment—he might as well object to the cost of sheltering his goods from bad weather; protecting them from thieves, or dealing them out to customers. All the other cost of his business is incurred without adequate motive or return so long as this essential element of his business is neglected or scrippled. If his location and his stock only entitle him to expect the custom of his township or neighborhood, then he should incur the expense of fully informing that locality. Just so with the wholesale merchant who aspires to a custom co-extensive with his State, his section, or the whole Union. If he is prepared to satisfy so wide a demand on favorable terms, the expense of apprising those whom he desires for customers of the nature of his business, the character of his stock, the range of his prices, and the reasons why he should be dealt with, is one which he cannot refuse to incur without gross incompetency and ruinous prodigality. By thus refusing, he increases his expenses for rent, lights and fuel, clerk hire, &c., from a half per cent. to three, five, and in some cases to ten per cent. on his aggregate sales, and renders it morally impossible that he should sell at a profit, and at the same time sell as cheaply as his more enterprising and capable rivals. In effect, he confesses defeat and incapacity, and retreats to the rear rank of his vocation.

Some men who know enough to advertise, are yet so narrow as to confine their advertisements to journals of their creed or party. If they do not choose to trade with any but men of like faith, this is wise; but if they desire to have the whole public for customers, it is otherwise.

There is a large class who delight to shine in newspapers and placards as wits or poets, and announce their wares in second-hand jokes or in doggerel fit to set the teeth of a dull saw on edge. If their object is notoriety or a laugh, this is the way to attain it; but if it be business, it would seem better to use the language of business. Leave clowns' jests to the circus, and let sober men speak as they act, with directness and decision. The fewest words that will convey the advertiser's id-as are the right ones.—*Pennsylvania.*

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Aurora, speaking of disunion, which it advocates, says:

"We do not believe that in the history of the world a case can be found to parallel the condition of North Carolina in this Union. She has been modest; she has been mute. Let the trial come, and those who have talked more and felt less will find North Carolina where she was in the Revolution, first, first, first. Her present purpose is that of the Giant, who thus recuperated his energies. Let the battle come, and Rip Van Winkle will teach some persons a lecture which will never be forgotten."

PORTER IS EVERYTHING.—An Englishman once told an Irishman that porter was his meat and drink, and soon after Pat found him, having become heavily loaded, lying in a ditch. After surveying him for some time, he exclaimed: "Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you; by my soul, it's a much better thing; for it's washing and lodging too!"

### AN EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF SENATOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In the remarks I propose to offer upon this question, I shall direct myself to other considerations than those broad and general views which have been presented by others, and probably will be presented again. I shall contend for this amendment as a measure of expediency—as a measure which is written by the hand of Nature upon the surface of the country for which we propose to legislate—a measure which is indicated by the character of the people for whom we are about to provide governmental organization, and demanded by soil, climate, and productions, agricultural and mineral.—The fathers of this country were neither so unwise nor so profane as to deny the overruling Providence whose interposing hand was often felt in shaping the destiny of the infant republic. And if there be a special interposition—a guardian care over us still—I think it is manifested in the identity of the geographical and political considerations for the renewal of the compact, the extension of the line of 36° 30', which is now presented. Never were political considerations more fully maintained by geographical reasons. In looking at the map of California, as it was remarked by the senator from Louisiana, its unnatural boundaries most forcibly strike the eye—extending over impassable mountain barriers, including in one government plains which have no other connexion, and embracing the whole seacoast, as if the whole frontier were marked out for an empire instead of a State of the confederacy; as though its purpose was to have a distinct international policy, to assume the command of the whole commerce of the Pacific, and of those vast countries which lie beyond it, and to control the naval stations on the western coast, which greatly tended to create a desire for its acquisition by the United States. Here we see a country, backed by snow-covered mountains, a broad valley, with two rivers to water, and a coast plain connected with it. There is the natural demarcation of a State. On the one side the Sacramento, and on the other the San Joaquin, coming from the north and the south to pour their treasures into the great entrepot of the country, the harbor of San Francisco, their common and only receptacle. As well might we expect that the country watered by the Sacramento, would be united to the valley of the Willamette, and become part of the Territory of Oregon, as that the country south of the waters of San Joaquin would be included in the State of California. Other motives no doubt combined with this reason to induce the delegates of that part of the territory to object to the formation of a State constitution, the first operation of which, as I learn from my correspondence in that country, has had such effect that in most of the towns south of San Luis Obispo they have held public meetings for the purpose of petitioning Congress for a separate territorial organization and government.

But to return to the point which I promised to consider—the geographical arguments for this political line of 36 deg. 30 min. At the intersection of this parallel with the sea, as I am informed, the coast range of mountains terminates in a bold promontory that overhangs the ocean; thence eastward it passes over desert mountains, crosses the arid plain of the Monterey river, and enters the valley through which the San Joaquin flows south of the permanent tributaries of that river, passing between its southern branches and the Lake Tules; which, it is represented to me, does not, as is usually shown on the maps, regularly flow into the San Joaquin, but only does so when, in time of freshet the flats to its north, extending to the San Joaquin, are overflowed. Shut out from the sea breeze, this plain is represented as having almost tropical heat, and as being fully occupied by a quiet harmless race of fishing Indians; to whom the country is particularly adapted. But if it ever passes into the hands of those who require commercial ports, they must be sought in the South. Distance and facility of route leave no doubt that San Pedro and San Diego, not San Francisco, must be the ports of this section.

Then, am I not sustained when I say that the hand of nature has written this line upon the country in characters which might have been read before it, was possessed by man? But, again the line of 36 deg. 30 min. divides the pastoral and agricultural, the semi-tropical country, from the mining and the grain-growing regions of the North. South of this line no mine has proved productive. North of it are the placers, which have, as by magic, drawn together the men who seek to constitute this State. Leaving Monterey, which is about six miles north of this parallel of 36 deg. 30 min., and following the va-